THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 25, 1808.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURE *in* CORSICA.

[From a Work lately published, entitled, Struggles through Life, written by Lieutenant John Harriott, formerly of Rochford, in Essex, now Resident Magistrate of the Thames Police.]

WHEN ordered home to England, most of us quitted the Mediterranean seas, where we had been cruising so long, with regret.

On sailing from Leghorn the last time, we ran close in with Corsica, and were so long becalmed as to hoist our boat out and send it ashore for the chance of procuring live stock, eggs, wine, and fruit, though but few houses were visible.

I was one of the party. We landed in a small cove; and, leaving two hands to take care of the boat, ascended a long sloping hill, at the top of which was a high stone wall, over which hung large clusters of tempting grapes.

We went on to the left, in hopes of finding an entrance, or some house. There was no pathway, but we walked nearly a quarter of a mile until we came to a large old mansion, where we gave a loud halloo. Some women and children soon appeared; but, on seeing such outlandish figures, as no doubt we appeared to them, they ran in faster than they came out. In a few minutes, however, two male animals made their appearance, in a dress nearly resembling what we may picture to ourselves of Robinson Crusoe and his man. They were father and son, dressed in jackets and a kind of short trowsers, made of goats skins, with the hair outwards, tied with thongs, and hanging rather loose. In a belt round their waist they had each a pair of large pistols, with a long snig-a-snee knife at their sides. The

father had large mustachios, and the only things of modern appearance were their Leghorn chip hats.

As soon as the old man saw us, he exclaimed, "Ah! Signor God dam, John Anglis!" We soon became acquainted. He was a goat-herd and swine-herd, and frequently took his goods to Leghorn for sale; where, often seeing English sailors, and having become acquainted with their general character, he seemed no way displeased at our visit, especially when he learned our errand.

We found we were too far off from any village or place to purchase wine, or any thing else but hogs and goats; and, not to go back quite empty, we went with him to bargain for a few hogs. His son went out and whistled a considerable number of them into a large enclosure; during which time he himself regaled us with a flaggon or rather calabash or two of common wine, while every female and child in the house continued prying and looking at us as great curiosities.

We accompanied the herdsman, who continued equipped just as we saw him at the first. The grunters appeared familiar enough with him and his son, as they walked about in the midst of them, but they eyed and were as shy of us as the old man's family within doors; both looking on us, no doubt, as the strangest animals they had ever seen.

Having agreed for the price by weight, as they were, and pointed out one as about the size and condition that would suit best, we were not a little surprised to see the old herdsman take out one of his long pistols, and, cocking it, he instantly shot the hog dead, and his son as directly drew his snig-a-snee and cut the animal's throat across, so as to half separate his head from the body. The father, loading his pistol again, desired us to point out others, when we informed him we wanted to take them on board alive. Selecting such as we liked, they were separated from the rest, and secured by a bass-rope, tying them to each other by one leg and by the snout. We agreed likewise to take the dead hog, on their conveying it to the boat, and by the weight of that to pay for the others. Examining the hog to see how it was shot, we found the ball entered just under the ear, and were told that both he and his son could as readily and correctly shoot any number of them

We enquired to whom the long high wall belonged, and whether it was in our power to get any of those fine grapes we had seen. He said the wall enclosed large grounds, belonging to a great signor, who was very proud and surly, and doubted whether he would part with any if we applied; and that it was a considerable distance round to the mansion, the contrary way to that which we had come.

As it would take up some time to get the porkers to the boat, we resolved to try and set off for that purpose; but coming

again

again within sight of the luscious fruit, we thought if we helped ourselves it might save a deal of trouble, provided any one could be hoisted high enough to reach them.

Being as light and active as any, I was appointed the climber, and my ladder was formed thus: on the shoulders of two that stood on the ground, was hoisted a third, who with his arms rested against the wall. Climbing upon his shoulders, I reached the top; and, plucking such bunches of the grapes as were within reach, I dropped them down. Could we have been content with gathering them thus, by removing my ladder, &c. in all probability we should have escaped unperceived with our plunder; but, having hold of a stout branch of the vine, I made a spring, and climbed to the top of the wall. The inside appeared more like a wilderness than a garden, but I could see various fruit-trees in all directions, such as oranges, pomegranates, prickly pears, figs, &c. with a great quantity of grapes; the latter seemingly cultivated at a distance from the wall and kept low. The few that were against the wall appeared to have grown there by chance.

Perceiving that it would not be difficult to get down by the vine on the inside, and up again, I acquainted my shipmates with the prospect I had of the land of promise, if any of them were disposed to accompany me, by fetching a rope from the boat, the end of which I could fasten to the vine for them to climb up by on the outside. Two of them took what grapes I had thrown down to the boat, and soon returned with a rope.

In the mean time I gathered and dropped a considerable quantity more, talking and laughing with my brother officer below, of the advantage I should have if any beautiful dulcinea were to make her appearance, and claim the assistance of such a knight, to relieve her from the durance of so vile a Goth.

The design was, for three more to climb over the wall; and, when we had thrown over as many oranges, &c. as we liked, to return and convey all to the boat, which, from the vicinity of the fruit trees to the part of the wall we were at, and not discovering any thing like a building near, we concluded would soon be accomplished.

I had but just fastened the rope, when I heard a rustling kind of noise behind me. I turned my head, and discovered several of these Robinson Crusoe looking fellows, creeping slowly along, bent almost to the ground, with each of them a cursed snig-a-snee in their hands. Concluding they would have to climb over the wall after me, I slipped down the rope in a moment; then telling my comrades that there was a legion of devils at our heels, just broke from the herd of swine, we all scampered away like brave thieves, both ashamed and

afraid of what we were doing. Hearing them shout, we turned our heads, and were surprised to find them pursuing us, before we thought they could well have got over the wall. It was now the Devil take the hindmost, or every one for himself.

Our boatmen, observing the chace, thought something must be wrong; and, while shoving the boat on shore to receive us, got the fire-arms that were in the boat in readiness. Being among the foremost of the runaways to jump into the boat, I snatched up a musquet, and fired it over the heads of the pursuers, who were drawing near to those a-stern of me; this very effectually checked their farther pursuit, and we found ourselves all safe in the boat.

Had we been acting in a right cause, we should not have run away until we had fairly tried our strength with the enemy; as it was, we plainly shewed how soon the bravest may be converted into cowards, by doing what cannot be justified.

We could now, in return, have driven them back, and brought away the stolen property; but we recovered our wits with our arms, and, forbearing to fire when we could have made fatal execution among them, (though strongly called upon so to do by those who had been closest pressed by them) we convinced them by relanding that we were not afraid.

Soon after this, our swine-herdsman and son made their appearance with the hogs; and, joining our pursuers, after a short conversation they came forward, and every thing was explained to their satisfaction as a mere sailor like, unmeaning frolic. Yet they made no scruple of saying they would have slain every one whom they could have overtaken.

We learned likewise that there was an old gateway in the wall, on the right hand, which we had not seen, by which they came so quick upon us. We farther understood that the discovery of our being there was by a vigneron, or vine-dresser, who, being much frightened at seeing me on the wall, talking in a strange language, crept away to give the alarm. Nor did they hesitate to say, that, had they been fortunate enough to kill one or more such hereties as the Anglis were said to be, their priests (as we understood afterwards) would have well rewarded them.

THE BROTHERS.

A TALE.

(Concluded from Page 312.)

WHEN they arrived at the chateau, D'Eperny led his brother into the presence of Blimont. Their features, figure, and

and air, were so exactly alike, that a spectator must have announced them to be twins. Actuated by the same impulse, they both bent a knee before their father, who gazed on them with looks of surprise and indecision. At length D'Eperny, the most courageous, thus addressed him—"Monsieur Blimont, we kneel to you for justice; the same interest, and the same claim to your affection, has brought us hither. Friendship, and a sacred oath, registered in heaven, renders our fate inseparable—we are both your sons! regard us well, my father, and, if possible, distinguish the favoured D'Eperny from the abandoned Maurice—the child dear to your heart and acknowledged to the world, from him deserted in infancy, neglected and remembered but with shame and remorse. It is impossible; we read uncertainty in your countenance—promise, on this spot, to receive us both to your heart, to make us equal sharers of your affection; or this moment you lose for ever a son, on whom your fondest hopes have so long rested with paternal solicitude."

Who can picture the astonishment of Blimont at this address? His eyes wandered from one youth to another; yet it was not in his power to discover the object he sought, so exactly did the brothers resemble each other, and so successfully did they conceal the emotions which they each experienced. Blimont, wearied with conjecture, determined to write to Minville; but, faithful to the promise he had made, the good old man refused to satisfy his enquiries; returning for answer, that they were equally amiable, and that as nature had made no distinction between them, either in person or merit, prejudice should not be suffered to bias his affection.

Baffled by this reply, the anxious father trusted to time and chance for the disclosure of this impenetrable secret, and treated the youths with such tender indulgence as won their hearts, and caused them to be equally emulous of securing his paternal regard; and Blimont at length declared, that his fortune should be equally divided between them.

Maurice, though thus adopted and loved by his parent, suffered a secret unhappiness to prey upon his spirits; he could not forget that a mother, dear to his heart, lived in sorrow, while he was loaded with benefits and caresses. The generous hearted D'Eperny partook of his friend's affliction, yet possessed not the power to alleviate it; from early habits of intimacy, the mother of Maurice was more dear to him than his own; yet, while his breast glowed with indignation for the wrongs of the former, his strict sense of honour taught him to respect the rights of the latter. At this critical period it was, that a new turn was given to their prospects, by the death of Madame Blimont, an event as melancholy as unexpected. Blimont, who felt for her sincere esteem, mourned her loss with deep regret; and

D'Eperny,

D'Eperny, though so long estranged from her tender cares, mingled his tears with those of his father; 'till a new and enthusiastic impulse roused his soul to fresh energies.

One morning, after having previously engaged Maurice to comply with his wish, he led him by the hand to the library, where Blimont was seated, absorbed in silent sorrow. He raised his eyes at their entrance, and cast on them a look of mingled love and anguish: they seized each of them a hand, "Father," said they, "why do you grieve?" "Can you ask that question, my children?" replied Blimont. "Have I not lost a faithful wife—you a tender mother." "The loss is not irreparable, my father," said D'Eperny. Blimont started, a look of anger darted from his eyes, his lips moved, and every feature seemed to say, "You insult me!" In an instant both his sons were at his feet: "Forgive me, father, cried D'Eperny; "rather than offend you, I will remain for ever wretched." "Wretched, my son, what mean you?" "Have you then forgot Leonora?" cried Maurice, in an impressive tone, which penetrated the heart of Blimont, subdued already by regret and tenderness. "Yes, father," cried D'Eperny, catching the fortunate moment, "we have yet a mother; one who has watched with fond solicitude our early years—one who is esteemed by the worthy Minville—one whom you once loved, and who would know no happiness greater than that of being restored to your affection." At these words Blimont covered his face with his hands, and tearing himself from the arms of his children, paced the room with hurried steps. "Boys," said he, with faltering accents, "you know not what you ask—but hear me, children. What you consider on my part as an act of cruelty, was but the just punishment of deceit and infidelity; had Leonora been true to me, the world should not have separated us—but no more of this; be satisfied with my regard, nor probe my heart with recollections which are now most unseasonable." Not so unseasonable as you may imagine," replied D'Eperny, with honest warmth, and drawing from his pocket the papers which contained a complete justification of Leonora's conduct. Blimont read them with evident agitation, and as he perused the contents, all his doubts were dispersed; he felt the extent of his fault, and falling into the arms of his children, embraced them with rapture. "Oh, my sons," he exclaimed, "you have convinced me, send for your mother; I am ready to atone for my past injustice and neglect: let her come, if she can forgive me—my heart is open to receive her."

Leonora soon obeyed the summons, attended by the over-joyed Minville, who, on the present happy occasion, forgot his misanthropic whim, and became once more a citizen of the world. The union of Leonora with Blimont was celebrated with joy and magnificence; and, on the wedding-day, Maurice received

received his father's blessing; while the tender and noble hearted D'Eperny felt the conscious delight of having contributed, by his own disinterestedness and generosity, to the happiness of all around him.

Considerations on the projected Invasion of India, by the French, Russians, and Persians.

(Continued from Page 309.)

NADIR SHAH made Candahar the place of general assembly for his army, when advancing against India; and it is understood, that if the troops of Russia proceed by a route different from that adopted by the troops of France, yet that both armies will unite at Candahar.

We consider the Russians as desirous of pursuing a more northerly course than the French; and assembling their army at Astracan. So far is easy: but, can transport-shipping to convey 40,000 men, with artillery and ammunition, be procured at Astracan? Does the commerce of the Caspian Sea, furnish five or six hundred stout vessels, to convey the whole army at once? If yes, it is much more considerable than we have suspected: if no, but if there must be several divisions, what management can prevent a fatal loss of time, while the avant corps of the army halts for the rear? We grant, however, that the heavy baggage and stores are sent by water, from Astracan, to Astrabad, from north to south of the Caspian Sea. Another army may march by Derbend, cross the Kur and Arras, among other rivers, pass safely through Resched, which no army yet ever did, and arrive at Astrabad by land: this route is mountainous, fatiguing, and unhealthy. Resched is proverbially said by the Persians, to be too bad for even the angel of death to delight in. Which way soever conducted, this passage will consume a long time, and if the whole which quits Astracan unites at Astrabad, better fortune will attend this expedition than is common to armies.

The Russian force with its stores being arrived at Astrabad, every stage which it advances, it is completely in the power of the Persians. It can hardly in its march to Candahar, carry sufficient provisions for the whole of its consumption, even supposing they were procurable at Astrabad: and the country into which it proceeds, cannot supply the sudden demand. It appears from Olivier's Travels, the last that are published descriptive of Persia, that that country is ill cultivated, and that the deserts of its provinces increase in extent. For food, then, this army must depend on stores previously collected; which

will be both costly and troublesome to the commissariat. If left to Persian promptitude, India is safe.

In the mean time a French army may be prosecuting its march, by a more southerly route. The most convenient, if *Messieures les diables Anglois* did not prevent it, would be to go by sea to Alexandretta, and taking the road from Aleppo to Mosul*, to make for Ispahan. But this sea-route being exposed to a visit from some of the Collingwoods, or the Thornboroughs of the British fleet, the French must either march from Poland, to the Black Sea, and cross it in shipping, or from Dalmatia, by way of Constantinople, where they would have a route principally by land. That Constantinople is to be taken, we have no doubt; but it is not yet taken: and by some lucky chance the craggy mountains, between Dalmatia and the Bosphorous, may present unthought of ruggedness to French constitutions. If the route by the Black Sea be preferred, the same question as to the possibility of procuring shipping, occurs with respect to this sea, as to the Caspian.

Admitting, then, in order to combine all chances, that the French army should be divided into two, or more, corps, of 15 or 20,000 men each, and that these traverse the province of Diarbekr, proceeding towards Persia; they will certainly find some parts of their route plentiful; but others are nearly barren. They must reckon on carrying provisions of all kinds (even water occasionally) with them; and when they are arrived at Ispahan, they will be sure to lose time, and much time too, in necessary attendance on the shah and his ministers. Directly as they are in Persia the followers of the army will be a perpetual plague: they will consume the produce of the country, and in vain may the strangers wish their absence. But granting that all difficulties are overcome, we would ask, what probable number of men fit to encounter the hardships of a campaign will start from Candahar for India? No uncommon mortality or disability in a European army, without seeing the enemy, is one man in four, at the end of twelve months; but, on a march of such continuance, such perplexities, such sudden, repeated, and extreme changes of climate, from heat to cold, &c. such variations in food, water, and accommodations, we may reckon the disability at one half of the whole. And in what condition will the remainder be? Worn down by fatigue: jaded, disheartened, and feeble. How often will they have cursed the emperor, whose iron crowned head and stony

 heart,

* When Bonaparte invaded Egypt, there were not 5000 troops capable of any kind of resistance in the whole country, from Alexandretta to Mosul: nor could that number have been assembled in time to oppose his passage. We have this fact from the journal of a British officer on the spot.

heart, had sent them so long a journey from their native homes, to do what?

It is by no means credible that 40,000 Europeans in one army will quit Candahar, to pass the Indus. But, the moment they pass the Indus, their military labours begin. To these they have hitherto been strangers: we shall, nevertheless, waft them across the Indus, with some loss only. They bear down on Attock. This is a place just below where the rivers which rise in the east, fall into the Indus. The river is here of considerable width, dangerous; and here they will meet with a corps of British troops, posted to receive them. If they avoid this passage by taking an easterly course, they will have five rivers to cross instead of one; if they move west, not only does the river increase in magnitude, depth, and rapidity, but they approach a country where the fever of the climate is no respecter of persons: and, after all, they will have to encounter a British army stationed at Moultan, or another at Lahore: on one of which the advanced corps at Attock would fall back, supposing it to be under the necessity of retreating. And these armies will be composed of troops accustomed to the climate, abundantly supplied with every thing, and in full vigour for battle.

We may now examine the British power that is to oppose these invaders. The utmost that the company can spare is 60,000 troops: a body that will be made up of three divisions. First, the Bengal, or rather, the Ganges division: including the provinces along that river. Secondly, the Bombay division, which advancing by Surat towards Moultan, approaches a junction with the former: and, thirdly, whatever can be spared from Madras and its adjacencies; which probably will be the least effective of the three.

But we strongly insist on placing, first of all, a naval force moving on the Indus, and the rivers, consisting of eight or ten floating batteries, manned by British sailors, for the most part. In our opinion this species of force has hitherto been too much overlooked; yet, from its moveable nature, combined with a knowledge of the passages, and the customary intrepidity of those engaged in it, we are convinced it would occasion great perplexity among the French generals. It would take all their operations in flank; and would effectually prevent their retreat, in case of disaster. It would also be terrible to their partizans among the natives, whose towns it could destroy with ease. As the knowledge that these rivers are navigable, sufficiently for this purpose, is not general, we shall adduce some testimony to the fact, from Mr. Arrowsmith's large map of the course of the Indus.

"The river Indus admitted of an uninterrupted navigation from the [sea up the] Gulph of Cutch, to Lahore; for vessels

of near 200 tons: a distance of about 760 geographical miles. "Scylax built vessels and sailed down the Indus," on the Cow or Cowmull river, which joins the Indus about lat. 32, 45, almost three degrees higher than the branch which communicates with Lahore. "Alexander built vessels on the Hydaspes, now Jhylum or Bebut River," in about the same latitude, but on a branch of the Indus, which is but small in comparison with the main river. From lat. 33 to 34, the river Indus was three quarters of a mile, to a mile across, in July, 1783."

If we may take the army which vanquished Tippoo Saib, as an instance, the proportion of Europeans in the British army would be about one-fourth part of the whole. The army was composed of

Cavalry - - -	2,635
Artillery - - -	608
European infantry - -	4,381
Native infantry - -	10,695
	18,319
Lascars and pioneers - -	2,483
	20,802
Detachment under Colonel Roberts	6,536

To this must be added the Bombay army, under General Stuart, composed of 6420 men, making in the whole about 34,000 troops.

These troops we rank generally as fit to oppose the European strength of the enemy: the auxiliaries, on each side, may perhaps be considered as balancing each other in military merit. The French, no doubt, intend to derive assistance from Persia: but Persia is too weak to afford much assistance; yet, beside adventurers, it may furnish 20,000 horse, but destitute of European discipline. Zemaun Shah, sovereign of Cabul, must be reckoned French, also; as appears evidently from his correspondence with Tippoo Saib, to whom he writes, "As the object of your well-directed mind is the destruction of the infidels [the British], and the extension of the faith of the prophet, please God we shall soon march with our conquering army to wage war with the infidels and polytheists, and to free those regions from the contamination of these shameless tribes, with the edge of the sword; so that the inhabitants of those regions may be restored to comfort and repose: be therefore perfectly satisfied in this respect." This sovereign may furnish 50,000 plunderers. From his situation, his coalition is an accession of strength. Nevertheless, the power most to be dreaded, in case of imminent danger, is that of the Seiks. This people occupy the district of the "Five Rivers" (the Panjab), and were they heartily in combination with Zemaun Shah,

Shah, they might greatly facilitate the passage of troops through their country, as well as impede any advanced posts of British at Attock. But the Seiks are to be purchased; and will sell their strength to the first party that bids for it.

It is true, moreover, that the Afghan powers which occupy many passes in the mountainous regions, are opponents to Persia; and it is enough for Persia to take one side, to determine them to take the other. They are formidable troops to the Asiatics.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Remarks on the proposed Alteration in the Laws relating to Game.

IT is a well known fact, that the game laws ever have been, and still continue, the productive source of the most virulent animosities, and vexatious prosecutions. Originating in abject slavery, they have always produced its certain effects, tyranny and oppression. It cannot be matter of astonishment, that in the dark ages of feudal despotism, when there existed no other distinctions of rank than lords and their vassals, the former should have exclusively reserved to themselves every pleasure and gratification within their reach, and of which it was possible to deprive their submissive feudatories: some allowance must be made for the comparative ignorance and barbarism of the times; but, that in a more enlightened age, when our ancestors obtained the abrogation of that oppressive constitution, the feodal tenures, they should voluntarily have permitted those unnatural prohibitions and restrictions, called the game laws, to remain unrepealed, can only be accounted for from that narrow spirit which actuates many of their descendants: nor can those plausible reasons, to which is ascribed their origin, be now alledged in justification; the relative circumstances of the times having undergone a revolution.

What induced the founders of the system to omit classing woodcocks and snipes, under the denomination of game, it is difficult to ascertain; possibly, they considered them, (being birds of passage), beneath their regard; or that, being in greater abundance than the indigenous fowl, there would be sufficient for others, as well as themselves: but it may be attributed to more liberal principles; in that they were willing to permit their fellow-men, of interior rank, to participate in those gratifications which the Bountiful Creator intended equally for all mankind. It will certainly be conceded, that, at the present

day, an attempt to introduce the game system as a new device, would meet with its merited rejection: the minds of our most zealous and diligent sportsmen would revolt with horror at such an encroachment on the genuine principles of freedom, which are the peculiar characteristic of the British nation. What, then, will be the sensations of far the most numerous class of sportsmen, (those possessed of no land, or under £100 per annum) when they shall find themselves deprived of their favourite, and, perhaps, only diversion. The right honourable gentleman who proposes the measure, urges as a reason for this abridgement of the liberties of the people, that there are many who carry guns, under *pretence* of shooting those birds, thereby evading the game duties: if so, his most effectual preventive would be, to include every species of the feathered race under the denomination of game, as the same evil will otherwise exist in the pretext of blackbirds, or sparrows. But we shall find, on inspection of the provincial papers of the last five, or perhaps ten years, that the evil complained of is by no means a growing one; as the number of certificates issued annually has been uniformly increasing through the whole of that period, and therefore no just ground of complaint can be alledged on that head.

Independent, however, of every financial consideration, the *policy* of the measure may altogether very justly be questioned; and more particularly, at the present crisis, when it behoves government, by every reasonable indulgence, to conciliate the attachment of all classes of the community; whereof the *unqualified* constitute a very large majority. One of the principal motives for the introduction of the forest and game laws is said to have been, that the bulk of the people might be kept from the exercise of arms, in order the more securely to establish the conqueror in his newly-acquired possessions. This reason, it is obvious, no longer exists; the reverse is now a desideratum, viz. that all should become soldiers, and acquainted with the use of arms; but many a loyal volunteer, who goes through his duty with alacrity and cheerfulness, when he finds himself debarred of his favourite amusement, will, in future, it is feared, perform it with apathy and indifference.

But the motive assigned for the proceeding is founded on erroneous ideas; the revenue will experience (if any) a very insignificant augmentation; and it is not without reason that a diminution may be feared. There are few qualified men that have a disposition to sport, who do not regularly take out certificates; but how many spaniel dogs are there not kept, solely for the purpose of cock-shooting, by those unauthorized to kill game? these, when become useless, will assuredly be destroyed; and, consequently, the tax arising from them no longer payable.

payable. An estimate may now be formed of the probable loss or gain to the resources of the country.

That a modification, if not a total repeal, of the law concerning game is necessary, will appear evident, if we reflect on the multiplicity of actions, decisions, &c. continually arising from it; and of the absurdities, contradictions, and severities, with which it abounds. How strange does it not appear, that, adhering to the strict letter of the act, it should have been decided, that the eldest son of an *esquire*, or person of *higher* degree, is qualified, although his father, not being a freeholder of 100l. is not!

The Nimrods of the present day are too short-sighted to foresee the advantages that would result from making game the property of the individual owners of the soil; this would occasion the redress of a complication of grievances, and its beneficial consequences would shortly convince them of the utility of the measure.

Gentlemen would do well to consider, that those people who are thus unjustly prohibited the killing a small proportion of the game for their amusement, have constant opportunities of destroying the whole, without the least danger of detection; and, doubtless, when influenced by revenge, arising from the oppressive vexations so frequently enforced, will not fail to take every method of retaliation. The remark made by a Devonshire farmer (Polwhele's History of Devonshire, vol. 1, page 104) is worthy of their attention: "As my lord's gamekeeper," said he, "treats me with civility, I shall endeavour as much as possible to preserve the game; but how easily could I, at any time, destroy the eggs, or the young either, without fear of being found out; and so I would, *as most farmers do in other places*, if my lord's people were to use me ill." This should awaken our opulent sportsmen to a right sense of what belongs to their true interests. It was pleasing to find in the proceedings of a recently formed association, a resolution of this liberal tendency: "that a reasonable indulgence be given to the tenants of estates, provided they use their endeavours to detect poachers, &c."

It is matter for the consideration of Mr. Perceval, whether he would not considerably augment the finances, (if that be his aim) by making a certificate a qualification; in *that* case, the tax ought to be proportioned to the incomes of the individuals. This would not cause any inconvenience to the landowners, as they may prohibit trespassing on their property; at present, though a man have a large estate, (if from age, disinclination, &c. he be not disposed to sport himself,) he cannot delegate his authority to a friend, or even to his son.

April 14, 1808. A.

THE

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 32.

TO ANNABELLA.

IN the history of Charles and Emilia I told you that the latter only received one letter from her lover during his long absence; this was owing to the artifice of the baronet, who took care to intercept their packets. I have lately been favoured with the perusal of several of Charles's epistles, which were found amongst his father's papers, from which I shall select a short one for your amusement; it is directed to Emilia's sister. Charles, being ignorant of the baronet's treachery, could by no means account for Emilia's silence; and after many letters of upbraidings and remonstrances, he addresses the following lines to Phillis. You will observe, that when he introduces the subject of love, it refers to Emilia; and that his expressions of friendship, though in some lines pointedly directed to Phillis, frequently bear a general allusion to the family.

Deserted by friendship—deserted by love—
Afar from my country I mournfully rove;
Consigned by the fates to the scourge of despair,
Unpitied by man, and forgot by the fair.
The heart, unconfined in a casket of steel—
The heart, that, like mine, can so tenderly feel—
Is whelm'd in more grief at the loss of a friend,
Than the tongue can express, or the mind comprehend.
Alas! my dear Phillis, as time hurries on,
I think, with regret, on the days that are gone;
I think of the scenes, and the friends I adore,
Of the friends—who acknowledge *my* friendship no more.
—Oh days of enchantment!—of rapture divine!
When the heart of an angel seem'd centred in mine!
When I gaz'd on her charms, with a transport unknown,
On the charms—which ambition mark'd out as my own!
Ye are gone, happy days! ye for ever are fled,
And the season of sorrow prevails in your stead.
—Ah, Phillis! if ever your bosom was mov'd
By the prayers of a friend you once cordially lov'd—
Of a friend, who to please you, exerted each art;
But whose *worth* was confined to a true *honest heart*;
If e'er to distress you devoted a sigh—
Or the dew-drop of sympathy stole from your eye—
In pity—in *mercy*—my anguish remove,
Nor deprive me of friendship, tho' lost to my love.

Lost

Lost—*lost* (did I say) oh ye heavens forbid!
The planet of hope shall no longer be hid:
On Emilia's firm faith shall my confidence rest,
While a sun-beam of reason illumines my breast.

X.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

A fellow, called Gruff, has been endeavouring to make my friends believe, that I am incapable of writing a letter. Allow me, therefore, to convince him, and my friends, and the whole world to the contrary, by taking this opportunity of subscribing myself,

Your most obedient servant,

X.

MR. EDITOR,

A particular friend of mine has lately fallen head over heels into the "slough of despond;" tell me, can your conjurer extricate him? That you may form some opinion of his situation, I inclose a few extracts from his journal.

"*October* 13*th.*—Oh fatal morning to my peace! thou art now for ever fled! and with thee, love, joy, and hope! Torn from all that renders life desirable, whither, ah whither shall I find a refuge from misery? In Heaven—and Heaven alone! Oh may I receive grace to withstand in future every worldly temptation! What are the turns of fortune to the established believer? or what the loss of earthly connections to him who has a friend and advocate in Heaven? *Nothing!!*—But why this reflection, since my heart is inseparably devoted to a sublunary being? To one whose virtues form a link of adamant to bind me for ever to her interest?"

"14*th.*—Would it were a *dream!*—No, ah no! the fates determine otherwise. The sun has arisen, and the dreadful reality again bursts on my sight. Farewell, a long farewell, my beauteous Annette; and thou, too, my affectionate Maria, farewell! Oh may your domestic circle be ever irradiated by the sunshine of prosperity! Yes, blot me entirely from your remembrance, unless when you pray for the *afflicted*, even *my* humble name may be wafted to Heaven by the incense of your lips."

"15*th.*—No! there is no refuge on this side the grave! My peace of mind is banished for ever. I have just been walking in the grove of sycamores, and every breeze shook down a leafy shower; a few, very few, green leaves remain on the naked boughs. Surely this is an apt emblem of *myself*. Yes, the summer of my hopes is past, and the few joys that remain

must soon fall beneath the wintry blast of adversity. Heaven grant it may be otherwise!!"

Amen! Mr. Editor—amen, with all my heart. Thus this unfortunate fellow keeps moaning, morning, noon, and night! So that, what with his *oh's*—*ah's*—and *alasses*—he's enough to turn one's brain. Do beg your conjuror to exert himself, for I am mightily afraid of seeing this luckless wight dangling at the limb of one of his favourite sycamores.

Your's, &c.

X.

FRIEND LANGDON,

What is become of the man that calleth himself *Eugenio*? I hope he is not gone hence, as my mind seemeth burthened with a subject on the which I could wish him to expatiate. Yea, friend! I would fain ask him whether the fashion of dropping a certain *flannel garb* may be reckoned in the catalogue of *modern improvements!* Even as I write, my *daughter* peepeth over my shoulder; but I am not a person to cast undue reflections on that sex, which the vain ones of the world commonly call "*fair.*"

Thine,

OBADIAH PRIM.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

A Few weeks since died, at Hammersmith, in his 85th year John Rice, Esq. a character miserable and penurious Mr. Rice was born in Westminster, and having received a musical education, he resolved to try his fortune in America. He sailed for New York, where he settled, and got an appointment as an organist. In this situation, denying himself the common necessaries of life, he accumulated a considerable sum of money, and returned to England. His habit was that of the most indigent beggar, and so deplorably miserable were his garb and appearance, that he was turned out of two lodgings he took. At length he obtained a room at a glazier's shop near Marsham-street, where he was taken ill. He requested he might be decently cloathed, and conveyed to Mr. Boyce, at Hammersmith, whose father, he said, was his most intimate acquaintance. He was accordingly taken to the house of Mr. Boyce, where he survived only a few days. After his death his will was opened, by which it appeared that he had bequeathed 20,000l. to Mr. Boyce, and 10,000l. to the bishop of New York; to Mr. Boyce's servant he left 250l. for the kindness she had shewn him, in affording him some temporary relief, when

he called on her master, soon after his return to England. His visits, however, were not encouraged by Mr. Boyce, his appearance indicating the most abject distress and misery.

When at his lodgings he slept on a heap of rags, in which were secreted a quantity of foreign gold and silver coins, to the amount of 290l. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood in which he lived frequently gave him alms, which he accepted with the greatest eagerness. He is said to have died worth 40,000l.

BON MOT.

A Quaker, having been cited lately as an evidence at a quarter sessions, one of the magistrates, who had been a blacksmith, desired to know why he would not take off his hat: "It is a privilege," said the witness, "that the laws and liberality of my country indulge people of our religious mode of thinking in." "If I had it in my power," said the angry justice, "I would have your hat *nailed* to your head." Obadiah replied, "I thought that thou had'st given over the trade of *driving nails.*"

AN ANECDOTE.

A Female, some time since, went to a druggist's shop in the town of Newcastle, to purchase two or three leeches, which a medical gentleman had advised her to apply for an excruciating pain in her gums. On being told the price, she hesitated to take them, and enquired, "Will they be no cheaper?" "Yes, probably in summer," was the reply. "Then I'll wait 'till summer," said the stoical economist.

Answer, by W. Cock, of Mr. Chivers's School, St. Austell, to the Question, inserted November 23.

THE solidity of a parallelopipedon whose length is 5, and base diameter 3 and 2 is 30. Then by the nature of similar solids we have,

As 30 : 125 :: 3750 : 15625
30 : 8 :: 3750 : 1000
30 : 27 :: 3750 : 3375

Hence the dimensions are 25, 15, and 10. Q. E. D.

☞ Robert Maffett, of Plymouth, has also answered this question.

Answer, by S. D. of South Petherton, to R. Trewavas's Enigma, inserted March 7.

FOR happiness, ye wretched great,
Who live in wanton pomp and state,
To the low STRAW thatch'd cot repair,
And view the artless rustics there.

Answer, by J. Trood, Bridgewater, to R. Trewavas's Enigma, inserted March 14.

A VALENTINE-LETTER, if rightly I guess,
Is what in your lines you have tried to express.

☞ We have received the like answer from John Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; S. D. of South Petherton; J. Fairweather, and E. Nettleton, of Plymouth; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Whitnell, of Street; and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.

Answer, by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton, to J. Melhuish's Rebus, inserted March 14.

SEATON's the pleasant town you mean;
Join the initials, then 'tis seen.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. Trood, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; and Luna, of Membury.

A CHARADE, *by S. Paull, of Castle Cary Academy.*

MY first you hear, but never see;
My next you see and hear;
My whole's an useful organ is,
As quickly will appear.

A REBUS, *by Philo-Musæus.*

A Pronoun singular pray find,
Aspiring bards of fame;
The first initial call to mind
Of a western county's name.

With these a vowel join'd, to light
A famous mount will bring,
Near which, if speaks tradition right,
Did lyrick Orpheus sing.

A CHARADE, *by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.*

WHEN sounding trumpets summon all to war,
And bloody Mars drives his destructive car;
When hostile armies seek the martial field,
Where fierce Bellona wields the glittering shield;
When valiant heroes fearlessly engage,
My first is found amidst the horrid rage,
And helps to stain with blood th' ensanguin'd plain,
Where dreadful havoc and destruction reign.
The boundless empire of the deep explore,
Where breakers surge, and foaming billows roar;
'Tis there amidst old Neptune's numerous train,
My second and my whole you will obtain.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The FLIGHT *of* ANNA: *Or the* DESERTED SHEPHERD's LAMENTATION.

MY days are embitter'd for ever,
Since Anna has prov'd so unkind;
I shall never be happy; ah! never;
She has fled, and left Damon behind.

She is gone to a far distant land,
Where some rich and more fortunate swain,
Will surely lay claim to that hand
Which once I, alas! thought to gain.

Yet his heart will not be so true,
Nor affection be half so sincere,
As the youth's that now bids her adieu,
And seals his farewell with a tear.

Ah! why is my memory left?
Since it serves but to bring to my mind
The pleasures of which I'm bereft,
By my Anne's having prov'd so unkind.

It recals the past sunshine of life,
When my days roll'd in harmony on;
Soon I hop'd to change sweetheart for wife,
Thus Damon and Anna be one.

It pictures the scenes where we stray'd,
And talk'd of our loves as we went,
When the sweetest and loveliest maid
Most willingly gave her consent.

I look'd then, with pleasure and joy,
To the time I should call her my own;
And taste, without pain or alloy,
Such raptures as never were known.

But when will this happen? Ah never!
For Anna has prov'd so unkind,
Tho' she vow'd to be constant for ever,
She has fled, and left Damon behind.

Each sweet feather'd songster of spring
Is aware of the flight of my love,
And warbles it, when on the wing,
To every part of the grove.

E'en Philomel hears me bewail,
Tho' hid in her closest retreat,
And nightly recites the sad tale,
In notes most melodiously sweet.

My garden that once was my care,
Is an emblem of Damon indeed!
There the rose is grown pale with despair,
And the lily hangs down its faint head.

But

But the arbour will flourish? Ah never!
For the woodbines that round it entwin'd,
Now droop, and are wither'd for ever,
Since Anna has been so unkind.

Farewell then, my deep shady bow'r!
Farewell to my pipe and my brook!
Ye never have pleas'd since the hour
That my fair one withdrew her sweet look!

Farewell to my favourite Tray!
Who has always been trusty and true;
I still should be happy and gay
Had my love been so faithful as you.

Alas! all my hopes are now over,
And just like a shadow are fled,
For soon her disconsolate lover
Will be laid in the grave with the dead.

Yet grant that my Anna may never
Feel such horrible tortures of mind
As she caus'd to the youth that for ever
To her prov'd so constant and kind.

M———. INCOGNITUS.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

EPIGRAM.

A Woman, to a chandler's shop,
Went candles for to buy,
But finding them advanc'd in price
She ask'd the reason why.

The chandler told her, 'twas the war,
Which put her in a fright;
"Ad rot 'em! be they come," says she,
"To fight by candle light?"

J. TREADWIN.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SONNET *to* SPRING.

WINTER's rude reign once more is fled;
Sweet spring resumes her wonted sway;
The crocus rears his golden head,
And nature's pleasing works look gay.

Hark! yonder grove the feather'd tribe,
In notes melodiously resound;
Again the rills soft murmuring glide,
Lately in icy fetters bound.

What melody now strikes my ear
As thro' the verdant meads I stray;
'Tis nature's concert there I hear,
Led by the blackbird's shriller lay.

The birds, the zephyrs, groves, and flowery plain,
Hail thy return to life, sweet spring! again.

Membury, Devon. E. MOON.